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The Bystander, April 26, 1916.—No. 647. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER

"'Ere, when you're finished, I'll borrow that there top note of yours to clean the knives with"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Premier's Easter Egg

THE Premier's Easter Egg was to have been hatched on the Tuesday of last week. More sitting and an immense amount of cackling failed to develop it on the Wednesday, and now the precious thing has gone in for further incubation. One begins to suspect it is addled.

❀ ❀

Country Laid

IF it is—and it is pretty clear that the yolk is turning into a yoke which Mr. Asquith durst not lay upon certain of his supporters—if it is addled, there is only one remedy for it. It will have to be sent to the place where all the best eggs come from—it must go to the country.

❀ ❀

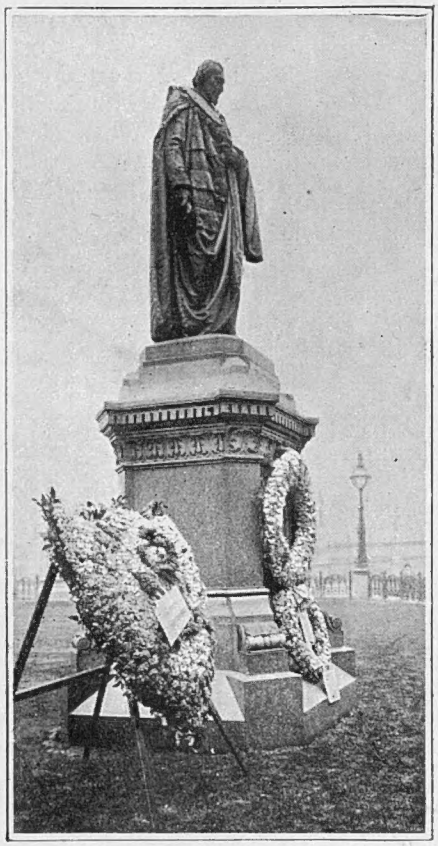
Disgruntled Voters

THERE is not much doubt about the form in which the country would return it. Mr. Asquith is avowedly against Conscription for All, but he has given effect to his attitude in such a way as to bring about the curious result of influencing the nation more and more towards general compulsion with every step taken to avert that measure. Wheresoever two or three are gathered together nowadays a badly disgruntled Derby man is certain to be among them, and nearly every married Derby man counts at least three at the polling booths—his own vote, his father-in-law's, his father's, and any odd uncles or brothers, one and all resolved that if dear old Bill has got to go all those other blighters shall jolly well go to. And if we had Woman Suffrage——

❀ ❀

Why a Disaster?

HOWEVER, enormous efforts are going to be made during Easter to prevent the country expressing an opinion on its own affairs. In Mr. Asquith's own words, "such an event would be a national disaster." Why it should be is naturally well known to the gentlemen pulling in £400 a year each who warmly cheered the sentiment, and to the gentlemen struggling along on Cabinet salaries, whose heroic resolve it is to continue that struggle. Personally, I can get no nearer understanding it than to realise that it would certainly be a disaster to a good many of them.



"ENGLAND DOES NOT LOVE COALITIONS"
—DISRAELI

And Primrose Day, 1916, proved it. For on that day the Prime Minister announced to the House that the Coalition was in grave danger of break-up on account of fundamental differences. Our photograph shows the statue of the great statesman bedecked, as usual, with his favourite flower

Real Disasters

IF the break-up of the present Cabinet really would be a national disaster all I can say is that it is not the only national disaster attaching to the situation. There are at least two others. If the only thing the Cabinet can agree upon is not to break-up, then it is a national disaster that it should be in power; and if, for the purpose of not breaking-up, its members square one another on the recruiting question, then that is a national disaster which it may be left to Macaulay's New Zealander, pondering the ruins of London, to rue.

❀ ❀

Magnificent—But Not War

OF the three possible catastrophes—my two and Mr. Asquith's one—there is only one that we can afford to take any risks with, and that is the Premier's. It is magnificent of the Cabinet to wish to stick to the ship, but it isn't war. It never has been war—all in (khaki), all out (to win), stick at nothing and nobody war—since the present Administration began, and on the Premier's showing it never will be until the present Administration ends.

❀ ❀

Softening the Punch

FOR just think once more what all this Cabinet crisis is about. It is about our hardest possible punch in this war—not how to put it in, but how to take enough out of it to keep all the members of the Cabinet in!

❀ ❀

The Voice of Wimbledon

IF it did *not* fall to the great country suburb to give the Coalition its *coup de grace*, the fact that "ginger" (as incarnated in Mr. Kennedy Jones) accounted for seven out of the sixteen thousand who voted shows that "ginger" is getting on. So far, however, there has not been a real election on the merits of the Coalition. East Herts was essentially aerial; Leicester was doing far too well to wish for a change; while Wimbledon was too big to be bothered. Six thousand Wimbledonians didn't vote, and the percentage of electors in the Army cannot have nearly accounted for the shortage. Still, the election proves that the power of the two-party machine is distinctly on the wane.

(*Continued on page 140*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 139)

"Got 'Em!"

THE most inspiring message given to the French Army since the beginning of the war

MOST GRACIOUS SYMPATHY

The Queen of the Belgians, on one of the many errands of mercy which have so greatly endeared her to her subjects, visiting a military hospital somewhere in Flanders

is said to be that of General Pétain at Verdun:

"*Honour to all of you for what has been done. Courage! We've got 'em.*"

In English, the last three words sound conclusive enough. But in his own tongue ("*Nous les tournons*") they don't seem to get there any more than would the Duke of Wellington's "Up, Guards, and at 'em," if done into French.

❋ ❋

It Can't Be Done

I SEE that people of sorts are still being imprisoned for writings calculated to "prejudice recruiting." No doubt some of them richly deserve it, but I am terribly worried to know precisely who is now the potential recruit one should have in mind before putting pen or brush to paper. The only recruitable class left is the Unattested Married Men, and these are, according to Coalition official pressmen, an insignificant number who can't possibly go, and who aren't wanted anyway. The writer who succeeded in making them any *more* reluctant to serve than they are ought to have the Iron Cross or something instead of hard labour.

How Otherwise?

"The A.A.F. have only turned out one type of their 'experimental' machines that could in any sense be called dangerous, and that was the early F.E. The present F.E., like the B.E., is superb."—*Daily Chronicle.*

IT should be explained that the initials refer to machines of air-warfare and not of party politics. In any case, however, nobody would suggest that anything bearing the initials F.E. could be otherwise than "superb."

❋ ❋

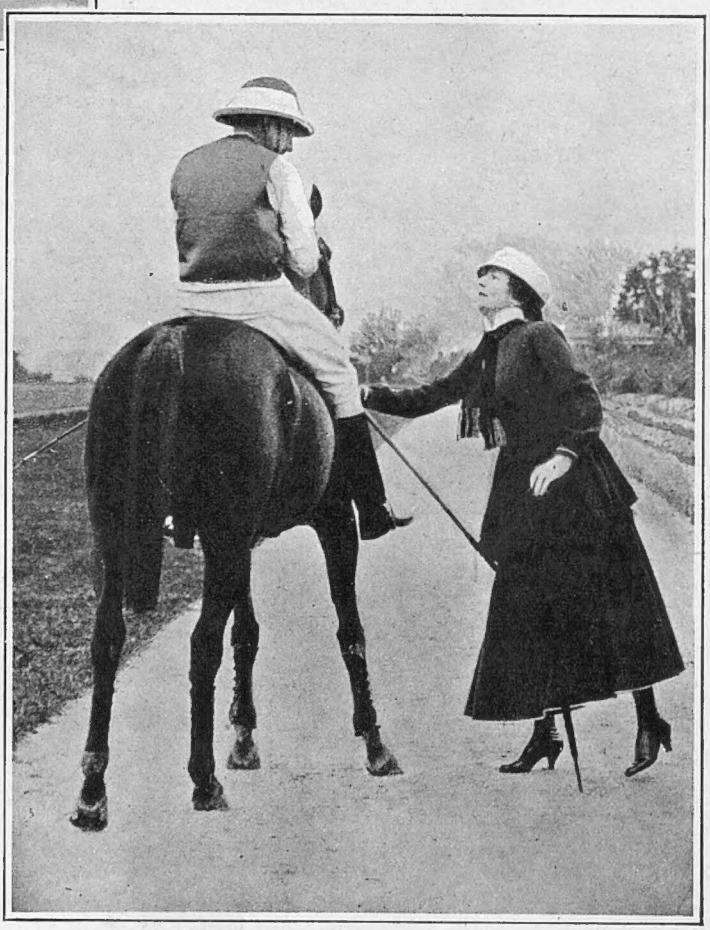
"P. B." the Versatile

THE thing we are all wondering, after the "revelations" concerning Mr. Pemberton Billing in the *Daily Chronicle*, is whether there is anything this versatile young gentleman hasn't been in the course of his brief career . . . alleged to have been, I mean, Mr. Solicitor, please!

❋ ❋

The Old Game

WITHOUT holding any brief for "P. B.," I must say that I regard as unsporting the action of a certain newspaper in setting forth his past career, with the idea of holding it up to ridicule on account of its infinite variety. These upholders of the Party truce are at their old game, turning against any Independent Member, be it Bowles or Billing or Kennedy Jones, all the time-worn weapons. Surely the most hidebound of Coalitionists must admit that there's some virtue in independence.



THE "DOLCE FAR NIENTE" OF NEUTRALITY

King Alfonso of Spain, at a polo match in the grounds of the Royal Palace at Madrid, chatting with a lady friend during one of the intervals of the game

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Other Times, Other Sentiments

PRIMROSE Day broke to the splendid news of the Russian capture of Trebizond, which is well on the way to Constantinople. Old stagers, and students of modern history, did wonder, however, as they strolled round the statue of Disraeli, whether the protector of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire might not be stirring just a little in his grave, to the strains of the ditty which ended in the words

"The Russians shall not have Constantinople."

Dizzy would, however, have had some consolation had he risen on April 19, 1916, for would he not have seen visible proof of his own dictum: "England does not love Coalitions"?

⁂ ⁂

The Russian "Drive"

THE idea that the Russian advance necessarily helps our own operations in Mesopotamia is not shared by military men. "Instead of drawing the Turks away from us," remarked one of them, "the Russians are driving them on to us."

CONGRESS, 1916

⁂ ⁂

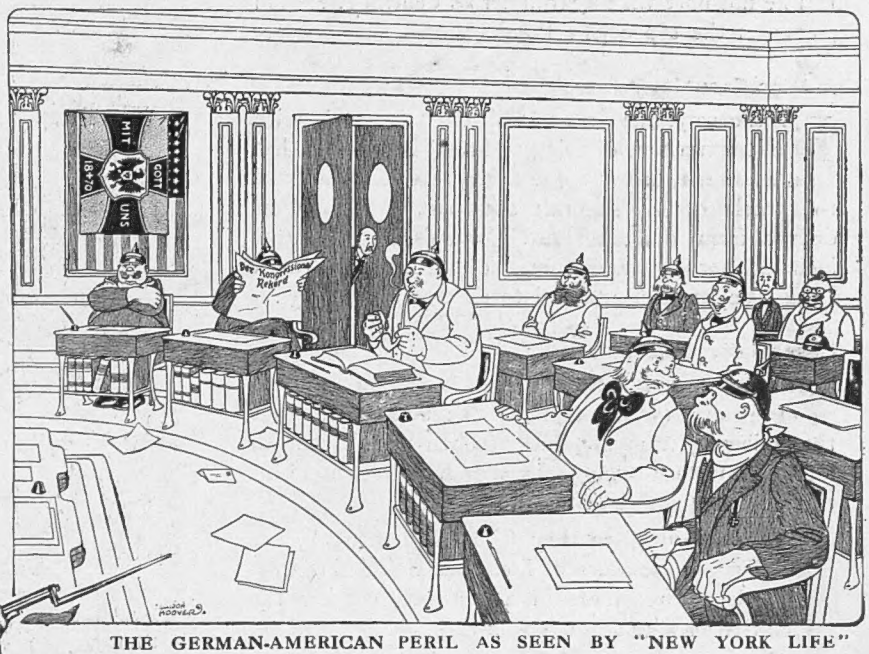
The Embarrassed Ottoman

WERE there any "ginger-nuts" at large in Germany they would be giving the Great General Staff the time of their lives for the way *they* are leaving *their* poor dear Allies, the Turks, in the lurch. When they do take active steps, such as to send out von Mackensen, even they, it seems, are "too late." And the unfortunate Ottoman may regard the arrival of a Prussian Field-Marshal as hardly less agreeable than a Russian one.

⁂ ⁂

The Lucky Ones

ON the principle "when the cat's away, the mice will play," the cheeriest battalion in France, from the viewpoint of the junior officers and the rank and file, must be that commanded by Colonel Winston Churchill, M.P., who seems to be able to absent himself from his military duties with enviable frequency.



THE GERMAN-AMERICAN PERIL AS SEEN BY "NEW YORK LIFE"

"I haff a message from our Government, Senator. Our Emperor iss much annoyed by der actifities of American agents in Congress"

⁂ ⁂

Of Course Not

WE are glad to find that there is no truth whatever in the rumour that Mr. Asquith's statement on the Cabinet crisis has been postponed for three years or the duration of the war.

⁂ ⁂

So Now We Know

Daily Telegraph, April 19.

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: "The postponement of the Prime Minister's statement on the military situation was a surprise."

Daily Mail, April 19.

"The announcement issued yesterday at noon that Mr. Asquith would not be able to make his promised statement until to-day came as no surprise."

Daily Telegraph, April 19.

"Not a cheer greeted the Prime Minister's entry. When questions were concluded, the House grew very still and the Prime Minister rose."

Pall Mall Gazette, April 19.

"The cheers which greeted the Prime Minister when he rose . . . . came from all parts of the House."

⁂ ⁂

A Matter of Out-Put

UNDER the new licensing regulations, breweries have had to restrict their output. Also the Government have taken over in certain districts public-houses, which they are running themselves. Is it true that on a certain large brewery receiving an urgent order from the Government to supply a large quantity of beer to one of these Government "pubs," the Government received the reply that owing to the new restrictions as to output, the Brewery Company were unable to supply beer to houses other than their own?

(Continued on page 142)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 141)

C. of K.

THE official news that Earl Curzon had recovered from his recent regrettable accident was welcome, if a little superfluous. The developments in the Cabinet were enough proof of the fact that he was himself again. The new Opposition (if there is one) would find in Lord Curzon a tower of strength if there is a vacancy at the Foreign Office, for his personal acquaintance with the localities in dispute, and their languages, is as great as Sir Edward Grey's is small. Did he not once take a stroll across Central Asia, and picnic on the top of the Pamirs?

⁂ ⁂

A War Casualty?

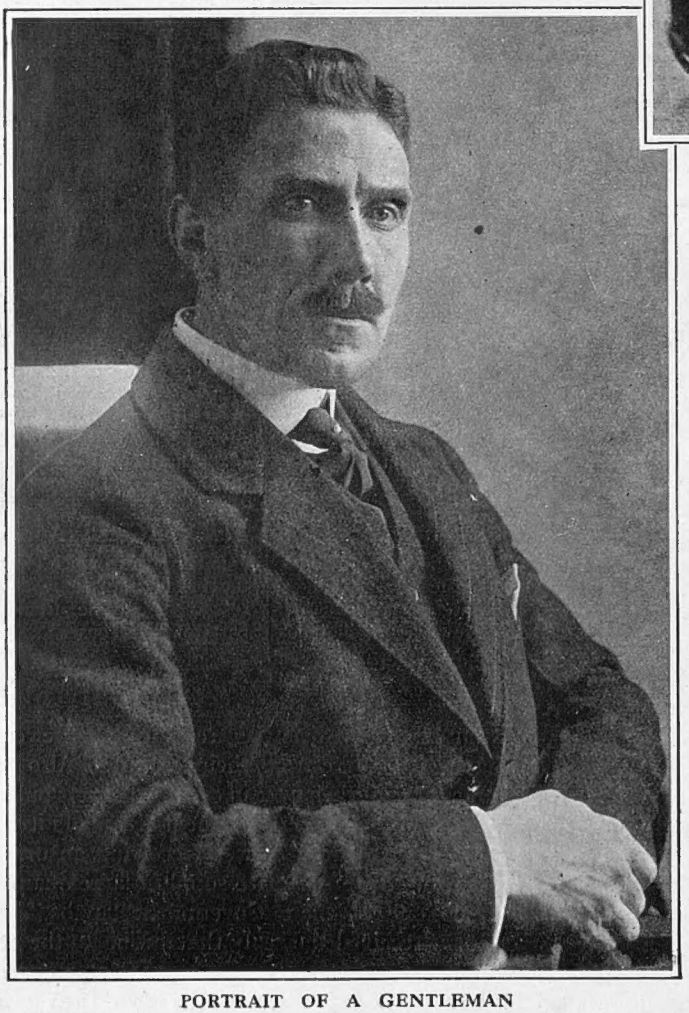
BY the way, the Prime Minister (it is Mr. Asquith at the moment of going to Press) informs us that "Lord Curzon, at my request, has carefully examined the whole of the aircraft situation." Are we to deduce from this that Lord Curzon's accident was incurred aerially, and that the "staircase" was a modest euphemism designed to deceive the enemy?

⁂ ⁂

Essentially British

I DON'T know whether "Fragments From France" needs any testimonial, as few have escaped it, but the following from an officer (which wasn't sent to me, but to the *Edinburgh Evening News*) seems to hit the situation, I think:

> "To us out here they (the "Fragments") are the very quintessence of life. We sit moping over a smoky charcoal fire in a dug-out, cursing the luck that has brought us to this. Suddenly someone, more wideawake than others, remembers the 'Fragments.' Out it comes, and we laugh uproariously over each picture, for are these not the very things we are witnessing every day—incidents full of tragic humour. . . . The fed-up spirit which you see on all the faces of Bairnsfather's pictures is a sham, a mask beneath which there lies something which must be essentially British."



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

Period, 1916. Nationality, German. Name, Capt. von Papen. Domicile, New York. Occupation—Espionage, Incendiarism, Murder, Conspiracy, etc., etc.

WHAT WAS HE DOING THERE?

Much curiosity was shown at the sudden visit to Berlin last week, to confer with the Chancellor, of Baron Burian (left), the Austrian Foreign Minister. It was reported in Holland that Austria wishes to retire from the war!

Encore

IT is ever agreeable to us to receive these continued tributes from soldiers themselves to the fact that THE BYSTANDER has "done its bit" towards our indomitable lads. May I add that the Publisher whispers to me that a second volume of "Fragments" is a possibility of the coming Summer: also that new coloured prints are continually being got ready?

⁂ ⁂

Awful Privations

"MINISTERS did not separate till nearly three o'clock, and many of them had to forego their luncheon in order to be in their places in the House of Commons." So it would have been inaccurate to refer to Cabinet *chops* and changes.

⁂ ⁂

A Hope

YESTERDAY was Anzac Day in London. I hope the New Zealanders will not, in their *joie de vivre*, have reduced the city to the state in which it was found by Macaulay's New Zealander.

Les Mots Justes

"I regret that there are still some points outstanding"

—Mr. Asquith's Statement of April 19

Are We In Too Much of a Hurry?

A FEW WORDS TO THE "GINGER" ENTHUSIASTS

EVERY evening the eye of the jaded Londoner is enlivened—presumably—by the first paragraph of a column purporting to deal with the topics of the town. It usually begins by the expression "I lunched to-day at the Blitz" or "I looked in yesterday afternoon at the Paliseum," or "Strolling down Piccadilly, whom should I run against but," etc., etc.

—•••—

NOW nobody objects to this young gentleman lunching at, or dropping into, or strolling down, any restaurant, music hall, or thoroughfare he likes. I frankly admit that I do these things myself sometimes in a furtive, self-conscious, armleteerish sort of fashion; but even in a frivolous paper like THE BYSTANDER it would never occur to me to regard my doing of them as something to shout about at the top of a column. Thousands of people, however, will have put to themselves the question: "What's this fellow doing in the Great War which his editor, in the next column, professes to be in such a desperate hurry to get on with? He's always goading *us* on to do our bit, calling those of us who're not in khaki shirkers, slackers, etc., etc. Yet here is he devoting a whole column nightly to the doings of a member of his staff who's obviously neither fighting, nor making munitions, nor even conscientiously objecting."

—•••—

WHAT the public is wondering about the writer of this kind of thing it is also wondering about the Press as a whole. It is asking the question how much the Press is itself mobilised for the war. Does it realise that "war is war" any more than the frivolous slackers it denounces? If it did, would it show itself in such a desperate hurry to "get on with it," yet so desperately ignorant of the fact that war, as a general rule, shows the same obstinate refusal to "get on" as does the Irishman's pig?

—•••—

"WAR," remarks the *Graphic* in its current number, "is really a most leisurely juggernaut. It took Rome eighteen years to wear Hannibal down, and Europe seventeen to destroy Napoleon, and ourselves three to beat the mere Boers." Yet our newspapers are in a terrible state because, in twenty months only, we have not destroyed the united Empires of Germany, Austria, and Turkey (to say nothing of Bulgaria)!

—•••—

THE whole trouble seems to me that Journalism is not, as it should be, on a war footing. Always reproaching Ministers with possessing the peace-time outlook, it does not realise that its own outlook is a thousand times more peace-timely. It reproaches the commercial classes for attempting to do "business as usual" while all the time it is doing the same thing itself. It clamours for the mobilisation of industry on a war-footing, itself remaining all the time on a peace-footing. That is to say, it puts its own business—the provision of daily sensations for its readers—first and the business of the nation—the conduct of a world-wide war—last. It chooses "ginger" as its policy not because it really believes in "ginger," but because "ginger" is a tasty irritant to the newspaper palate, and the burying of successive Cæsars a more attractive procedure than the singing of their praises.

—•••—

THE Press, to put it plainly, is not in the war nor is it of the war. It is out of the movement. Those who are in the war—the soldier, the munitioneer, the official, the war-worker generally—realise what those out of the war do not, *i.e.*, that war is a "leisurely juggernaut," and that the more haste the less speed. They also realise that in the warfare that has to deal with an enemy who adopts rushing tactics the wearing-out strategy is the only one possible. If you adopted any other, you would rush on to his horns or into his jaws.

—•••—

THE warrior or the war-worker never bores you with the question how long the war will last. He never talks of "ginger" or "getting on with it," or shrieks and groans for new leaders three times a day, Ll. G. for breakfast, P. B. for lunch, and K. J. for dinner. He knows that a Quadruple Alliance of widely separated States simply won't dance to the tune of any new "leader" directly he strikes it up, and that France doesn't care a sou about K. J., Italy a centesimo for P. B., or Russia a kopek for Ll. G. The Allies have to adapt their speed to that of the slowest of their members, and the type of British statesmen likely best to suit the British book is he who can perform that reprehensible act—*waiting*. Haven't all our great men been prodigious waiters? How Pitt waited, and Nelson, and Wellington, weary, profitless years, before Providence or Luck delivered the enemy into their hands!

—•••—

WHEN we get complete mobilisation of industry, the Pressman himself will have to get out of the mufti in which he still clothes his mind, in which he regards war as an inordinately elongated "stunt," sent there for the spinning of innumerable sensations, and get into mental khaki, in which he realises that war is—war, *i.e.*, a conflict between whole nations in arms, which all the "ginger" in the universe and all the shrieking sensational articles, and all the vituperation at the expense of individuals, may not be able to shorten by a single hour.

—•••—

THE Press needs to be less materialistic. Used it not at one time, in the Silly Season, to remind its readers of the existence of a Higher Power? As that Power will have a very great deal to do with the results and the duration of this war, would it not be a good thing to start a Silly Season right now, when the thoughts of the public might be turned upward with positive *advantage?*

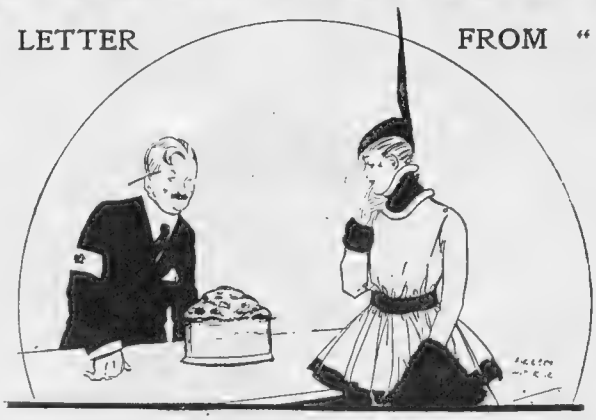
V. C.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *April* 24, 1916
DEAR COUSIN—

A RATHER Dominion-y atmosphere about the town this week, and next week masses of Shakespeare because of his Tercentenary or something, Anzac Day on Tuesday, and a great service at the Abbey, in memory of the day, exactly a year ago, when the men who came from overseas to help with the war first landed at Gallipoli. A very great anniversary, because it's our tribute, not only to the glory and gallantry of our brave and dashing cousins, but also a new era of friendliness. Before the war, just a little, perhaps, I think we were inclined to tolerate you, as you, I believe, tolerated us. But now we're real friends, aren't we?



"I suppose it won't matter if I get Gunter or somebody to wrap it up for me"

❀ ❀

I'M afraid it's a rather sad anniversary—but war ones generally are, for some of us, anyway, aren't they? And at Westminster Abbey one is always, I think, a little sad—it's so lonely and so English, with an old, quiet, exquisite beauty that brings tears to our eyes and a passionate pang of proud possession to our hearts. I hope it helped them a little, England's mourners, the old, old place so soft and grey, so glamorous with great memories. Within those ancient, patient walls the cruellest things must surely hurt just a little less frightfully, and such a tale of heroism as that wonderful one of Gallipoli must uplift even the broken hearts of all the women who mourn in England now.

❀ ❀

WELL, our second War Easter is over, and everyone says it's the last—except those who think that the first seven years of the war will be the worst! War weddings have broken out again—all the Sec. Lieuts. got married ages ago, now it's the turn of a perfect mass of well-preserved Peers, who, of course, *can* keep young. I mean—well, they've really nothing else to do, have they? And there's a Shakespeare Day and another Flag Day, but British this time, on Saturday.

❀ ❀

BE rather a change, won't it, after all the millions of foreign ones, to sport the Union Jack — mere commoners mustn't take the Royal Standard for trimmings, must they? Anyway, I'm sure I shall enjoy making people buy it whether they want it or not much more than the Belgian one or any others of our gallant Allies. Must say I'm rather thankful there simply aren't any countries left now to sell flags for, unless we start on the neutral ones. But I don't think we shall do that. There's something somehow so frightfully *boring* about neutrality, isn't there?

❀ ❀

APROPOS of work for women, the Navy's trying to inveigle me into yet another cake-making competition. Suppose I must enter, anyway, but really I do seem to be always spoiling the gunroom. And there's awfully little time, too, for the domesticities and that sort of thing now that we're all helping with the war so hard, and what with Red Cross mornings and "wounded" afternoons and cheering-up evenings I simply can't imagine what Lord Lansdowne must be thinking of us all—it was his Lordship, I believe, who told the Upper Chamber at the beginning of the war that the idea we *must* all keep before us was that the place of women in wartime was the home. The Navy seems to be imbued with similarly funny ideas, for I see it's one of the rules of the competition that the cake must be solely and absolutely the work of the competitor. Well, I suppose it won't matter if I get Gunter or somebody to wrap it up for me, anyway.

❀ ❀

THE gunroom of another ship isn't so greedy, though "jealousy green and horrible" *was* aroused when they discovered that "another gun-room, having wormed its way into my affections, have received a succulent and sugar-crested confection at my hands." All *they* want is the crumbs that fall. "The spirit of argument has taken violent hold upon our messmates. They cag, as we call it, for ever, yet never, even in the House, has been heard such violent language as when the question is raised—Is Blanche a girl? Personally we support the latter—naturally, or we should not be writing this, and we hope before many moons have

"I seem to have put my foot in it calling midshipmen babes"

(Continued on page 146)

waxed and waned to have this, our cherished belief, confirmed by your own hand."

❀ ❀

BY the way, before I skip off the forever fascinating subject of the great and—er—always, of course, silent Service I must confess that I seem to have slightly put my foot in it by referring to midshipmites as "babes of the bounding blue." "Of course," some of them write, "we love you to think of us, Blanche, but you really *must* remember that many of these blue-eyed boys took to cow's milk more than nineteen years ago.

❀ ❀

"THIS sweeping statement doesn't, of course, include the ever-swelling ranks of the 'hostility kids' who but for the war would still be at Osborne or Dartmouth. But we're not all like that, you know. We hope this assertion will not cause undue pain to the 'dear little middy' loving public, but we really are getting awfully fed-up with these erroneous allusions to the ages of your very loving Twenty-Year-Old B.'s of the B.B."

❀ ❀

FUNNY, isn't it, how touchy masculine youth is on the age question? Almost as bad as the old ones. And apropos they say *in coelo quies*—there's rest in heaven—but not on earth for me, apparently, not while the Navy rules the waves. "Wouldn't you like to send us along the latest mechanical toy, Blanche," writes one illustrious mess, and then proceeds to strafe me for telling you once that "anyway in the Mediterranean they do meet Antoinette."

❀ ❀

THEY would say, they remark in passing, a good deal more on the subject if they only knew whether I'm a woman or a man—"by the way, you'll tell us when you write, won't you?" Which rather looks, doesn't it, as if I may in my pristine innocence have been—well, indiscreet? But a sketch of the lady is enclosed. Dear me, she must have met a tremendous lot of sailormen. . . .

"Cigarette holders are getting longer and longer"

TALKING of lovely ladies, a Dug-Out on leave says he'd rather read my remarks about a certain famous dining club than go there. "The men are 'wicked' and the women want to be thought so. The nice women who go there appear merely dowdy and the common ones are common beyond belief, though I must say I was interested to see how very little some women can wear." And it's this one, too, by the way, who says that as the New Army "seems to hang on my words," will I please tell it a few things for its good, one of them being that it really mustn't call the gunners artillery and the sappers engineers.

❀ ❀

WELL, I will, p'raps, but. . . . I mean *do* things like that, in this changed, changing world of ours, really awfully matter—anyway, till we've won this horrid old war? Quite a lot we seem to have stopped troubling about already. A Ranker Chief of Staff and big jobs going every day to people with small names and perfectly ghastly heresies like what-does-it-matter-if-you-can't-afford-to-send-your-son-to-Eton always getting into the papers.

❀ ❀

OF course, I'm not going to deny that it *is* nicer to do things just exactly the right way, and they certainly *are* very trying all those no doubt otherwise quite worthy people who *don't*. But, after all, it's a peace-time luxury, and only to be bothered about when there's nothing better to do. In war-time the first thing and the last thing is to get them done and never mind the frills.

❀ ❀

HE knows what really good soldiers the men of the New Army are, my Dug-Out says, and it's just because he hates to hear them sneered at that he wants me to advise them for their good. But I don't know, you know, who's going to do any sneering—except, perhaps, the people who don't matter—after all the wonderful things this brand new army's done, though I don't suggest that the war's shown that doing things just exactly in the right way doesn't matter. Far from it. But it *has* shown us, and it's done a lot

(Continued on page 148)

"Anzac day on Tuesday"

Still Playing the Game

TRADITIONS OF DRAKE STILL PERMEATE THE BRITISH NAVY

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (MR. BALFOUR) PLAYS LAWN TENNIS AT QUEEN'S CLUB IN THE MIDST OF A GRAVE CABINET CRISIS, WITH HIS COLLEAGUE, MR. BONAR LAW

A BOXING CONTEST ON ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

A welter weight contest of ten three-minute rounds between First Air Mechanic Corley and Leading Stoker J. J. Straker, of H.M.S. ——, took place aboard one of His Majesty's ships in the Eastern Mediterranean, causing great interest among both the Royal Naval Air Service and the sailors. The stoker won on points after a great fight by Corley, the latter being at a great disadvantage owing to Straker's long reach

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 146)

of us good to see it, that even the wrong may sometimes get you there just the same, if only you're the right kind of person.

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of the right kind of people, I do think he must be one of the *very* rightest things in dogs, that dinky Pekingese pup I told you of whose home is in the trenches with his gunner master. "Bunch, or Driver Bunch, as we call him, is quite one of the lads of the village. He was dropped into a pond this morning, and now he's swanking around just as if he swam in, though really he was never once out of his depth."

⁂ ⁂

"HE goes out for runs with the horses," says this gunner man, "and at a gentle jog can keep up for half a mile. But he's very glad when the horses break into a walk, 'cos then he has time to look about. He's a dear and a topping little sportsman, but he and Peter (that's the terrier) are a bit thick in the poultry-yard. Hates the cold and sleeps in his owner's valise in company with Lena, who's the latest arrival. She's a little Bonnet monkey, rather an amusing little beast, who drinks port like an officer and loves coffee after dinner, and the other day had a poached egg for breakfast—with disastrous results for the tablecloth, though Lena didn't seem to mind at all."

⁂ ⁂

ANOTHER gunner man who's issuing lunch invitations, adds by way of postscript, "But you wouldn't expect me to come in uniform, would you? I think that's one of the greatest joys of leave, shedding all responsibility with one's khaki." Why, no, *I* shouldn't mind, and in a way, of course, mufti's a distinction these days—after all it's just the fighting men who do wear it now. But there are those, you know, who think even the men on leave shouldn't get out of their uniforms.

"I WENT into my club the other day," writes one warrior; "it was simply full of men all covered with all sorts of different coloured tabs. They were quite Staffy to me, and said they thought I might at least wear uniform in the daytime. I really was looking quite nice, but they seemed to think I ought not to go into a Service Club at all in mufti. So I'm *not* going again except to cash cheques."

⁂ ⁂

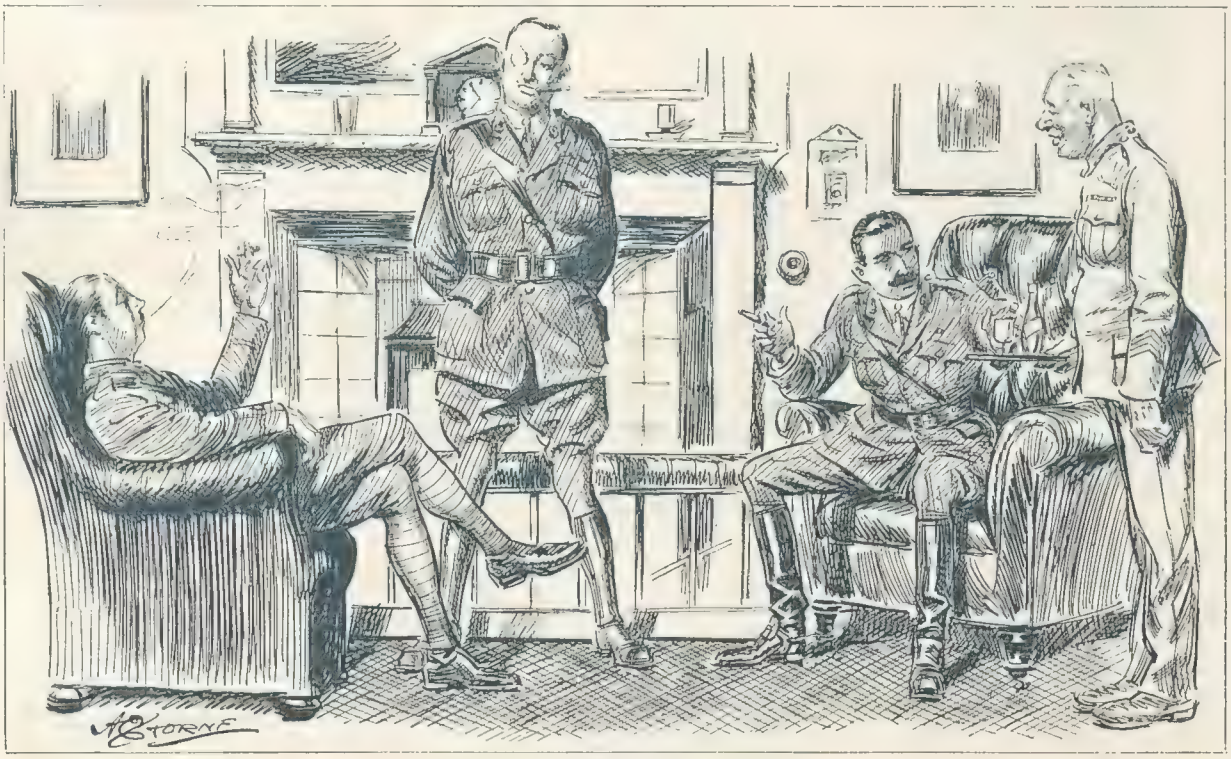
LOTS of other places to go to, too, besides the old clubs. It may be a War Easter, but there simply couldn't be more shows and things if it was a peace one. *Toto*, *The Bing Boys*, *The Show Shop*, *Half Past Eight*, *The Mayor of Troy*, Grand Opera at the Aldwych, "variety" at the London Opera House, *and* the Academy—these are only the new things of the week. Most of the rest of them are going strong still, spite of ticket taxes and wails from theatre managers and people.

⁂ ⁂

AND our cigarette-holders getting longer every day (like the bills), and food mounting up faster than you can get it down, and as for frocks and things. . . . "Hope Moddam doesn't want them for a fortnight or so," they said as I was ordering clothes—or trying to—at one of the big shops the other day. Heaps of women were almost pushing for the mere privilege of being served, and they weren't looking for war bargains exactly, either—you don't, in Bond Street. Where *does* the money all come from? Five millions a day on the war yet we've hardly knocked off a single luxury, and are paying something like double for the necessaries. And really quite cheerfully, too. Even Mr. McKenna can't depress us, and no one seems to care a bit if Parliament will be wanting another £400,000,000 next week.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE



ONE FOR THE C.O.

THE MATURED MAJOR: "I say, d'you believe that awful story about the Colonel?"
THE SATIATED SUB.: "Yes, what is it?"

Fair Ladies in the Public Eye

MISS MARY HARPOTH VINOGRADOFF
(Of Copenhagen) to be married to Mr. Ronald Leslie Wingate, Indian Civil Service

MISS FRANCES LEGGETT (OF NEW YORK)
Who is to be married shortly to Mr. Henry David Margesson, 11th Hussars

MISS KATHARINE SELIGMAN
Who was married to Capt. Geoffrey de Teissier, of the Scots Guards, on April 19, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

THE HON. MRS. MORRISON BELL
Youngest daughter of the late Viscount Powerscourt, K.P., of Enniskerry, Ireland, and sister of the present peer.

Miss Harpoth Vinogradoff is a daughter of the late Mr. A. Harpoth, of Copenhagen, and of Mrs. Vinogradoff, of Court Place, Iffley, Oxford, and step-daughter of Dr. Paul Vinogradoff, F.B.A., Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford; her fiancé is the elder son of General Sir Reginald Wingate, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, and Governor-General of the Sudan. Miss Leggett is a wealthy American heiress, whose father, the late Mr. Francis H. Leggett, of New York, left a large fortune. She was a 1914 débutante, and was presented by Mrs. Page, the American Ambassador's wife. She resides with her mother at 12, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, a mansion renowned for the many beautiful "objets d'art" which it contains. Miss Seligman is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Theodore Seligman and Lady Waldstein. Mrs. Morrison Bell was married in 1912 to Major Arthur Clive Morrison Bell, M.P. for East Devon, who rejoined his regiment, the Scots Guards, at the outbreak of the war, and has been a prisoner of war in Germany for over a year. They ha e one little girl

Photographs by Swaine, Elliott and Fry, Speaight, and E. O. Hoppé

New Types the War Will Give Us

III.—THE NEW STATESMAN

Our Victorian statesmen were comfortable and most reassuring. They had the appearance of churchwardens and the manner of a charity trustee. Against their repute there was never a whisper; their probity was above suspicion, and, speaking generally, their inefficiency would never have been challenged. Now and again we struck lucky and did find a really big man; but he was usually distrusted, and we only read of how useful he might have been from his life written long after his demise. (Please, I insist on "demise." It is the only word for statesmen, and Victorian at that.)

—•••—

Yet we must blame the Victorians for much of our present trouble. They set the *mode*. They made fine speeches—and did nothing. (Some of their successors make very inferior speeches and do a great deal of harm.) The Victorians taught us to measure statesmanship by utterances; and even if they had "damns" for their domestic circle (and I think they had) they produced fine rounded periods for the House. No one really cared twopence for what they said, but quite a number of cultured folk fell in love with the way they said it. But rhetoric in Parliament died with Mr. Gladstone, so some new avenue to political success became the need of the day.

—•••—

From classic periods to smart abuse; the stab of an epigram (a young Oxford sort of epigram) succeeded the stately condemnation. Bright young men in a tremendous hurry to "get there" strained at their leash and savaged everyone in their path. Their effrontery brought them near to the pinnacles, but statesmanship went sick. And the crowd saw that it was no longer healthy, and lost faith in it, and worst still (or as I for one would put it—better still), the crowd began to *think*.

—•••—

In politics in the old days—I am sure of it—no one *thought*. It was better so. A few made speeches, but they did nothing; and everyone else was comfortable and happy, and they did nothing either. Indeed, being a naturally Conservative nation, the last thing anyone wanted was that anyone *should* do anything. In this way lack of decision and action became a positive virtue in statesmen. It is the only characteristic which the new school has inherited from the old. It is, indeed, their sole patrimony, and now they find, or at any rate we find, that it is nothing but a *damnosa hereditas*.

—•••—

This is no harsh saying; it is the truth. Search through the rival programmes of the last twenty years. Nearly all the goods are still there. Certainly most of them are still safely *off* the Statute Book. I can quite imagine a Chief Whip pleading with his Premier, "For Heaven's sake, sir, don't pass *that* into law. We won an election on it twelve years ago, and may want it again. Keep it in the shop window." This sort of thing may be shrewd tactics in Party Politics, but it is bad for the State, and it utterly demoralises statesmen. It results in the adoption by them as their working motto, "Do nothing—but make fine speeches. If you are compelled to do something make finer speeches than ever. Put off the evil day of decision as long as you can, and if at last you are driven to act think of the voters all the time."

—•••—

So now, when a world-war has broken in on us, we realise how it is that we are as we are. Our real Cabinet is not in Downing Street, but in Fleet Street. Had it not been for Fleet Street we should have lost our Empire. And Downing Street is still jibbing and trying to run out of the course. And Downing Street—ah, but there——I am sick of Downing Street, and, after all, editors have no mandate from the nation, and I should like the position to be regularised. If the Cabinet is "all over the course" in war where will it get when Peace comes? The problems of Peace will be infinitely graver than those of war and incalculably more delicate. We shall not want speech-makers then, but clear thinkers and men of strong and decisive action. The dominating question will be Production. For the first time in our history we shall have—we simply must have—a scientific and finely conceived system of Empire Production, and we must safeguard the Producer and the Consumer too.

—•••—

This is an industrial problem which experts can alone solve. Speeches will not help at all. We want workers and thinkers. The new statesman may be halting in speech, but he must be deep in knowledge, wise and sound in judgment and courageous in decision. His duty will be to organise capital and the effective use of it in the Empire's interest; and also to control labour, not merely in the sense that he stands no nonsense, but to exercise a finer function in that he gives it an ideal to work up to and impresses it with a feeling that it is fairly done by. He must not think of votes or a Party triumph, but of the Empire and of the only means by which when the war is over it can win weal out of woe.

—•••—

The word "politician" is now a term of reproach One could bring a libel action on it and surely get a verdict of at least £350. The word "statesman" is merely a drawing-room paraphrase of human futility in high places. But it is no good to play on words; what we want is men. The political vested interests will seek to block the way for us. The moment they perceive the storm—and that we may be sure of it will be about a year after it has been manifest to other folk—they will start trimming, and may even change the names of their Parties in order to fill their sails with the wind. They have been raising the wind all their lives; let them now be overwhelmed by it.

"For'ard On"

The Incorrigible Altruist

OLD LADY: "And how did you get wounded, my poor fellow?"
THE HERO: "By not minding my own business, and interfering in this blooming war!"

[NOTE TO THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—*This is not intended to suggest a mutinous attitude on the part of the British soldier, only his sarcastic habit of speech.*—ED.]

BELLICOSITIES

THE alleged murderer of the moment is noticeable for his wearing of a fixed smile. A BYSTANDER reader in trouble, we fear.

MR. KENNEDY JONES'S alternative to the Coalition is "a 'Strong War Council'—a soldier, a sailor, an Air Minister, the Minister of Munitions, a Finance Minister, a Labour Minister, and representatives of the Dominions." What, and no Advertisement Minister? *Et tu, Jone!*

THE biggest War Census of all is shortly to be taken—of the number of War Committees at present sitting, and what each one of them is doing.

THERE is talk of compelling members of War Committees to wear armlets—if the national supply of khaki is adequate after the new armies have been equipped.

GRAVE concern exists as to what on earth can be done to employ the legions of ex-War Committeemen in the awful event of a conclusion of the War.

IT says in the papers that President Wilson has sent his last Note to Germany. And yet the doctors have so often warned us about changing our hobbies after we have reached middle age.

HERR DOKTOR HEINRICH SCHMIDT says that Germany must insist upon her right to control the greater part of Europe, together with Egypt, Persia, and the Suez Canal, and that, therefore, the War will last a long time yet. But why drag Time into it? What's the matter with Eternity?

A MEMBER of the Islington Board of Guardians, of German nationality, has not attended the meetings for six months, and the Clerk has been instructed to write and ask for an explanation. Of course, the German gentleman may have heard of the War, and of our native prejudice against encouraging German interference in our affairs, either Imperial or local. News travels so quickly these times.

FORCE OF HABIT

LADY DE VERE (who has returned home from visiting hospitals) to his lordship: "Well, my poor fellow, where were you wounded?"

TWO ladies with mistaken ideas of farm life arrived at a farm the other day to help. The first thing they asked for was a bath for the daily ablutions of their poodles. They must be related to the lady volunteers who offered to help on the farm by shaking the potatoes down from the trees.

IT seems that the chief characteristic of Mr. Chaplin is a charming old-world courtesy to friend and opponent alike. The elevation of the right hon. gentleman to "another place" may have been prompted by the conviction that the House of Commons has no use in these times for a man of such embarrassing qualifications.

TWO camels and an elephant are being used in the streets of Sheffield in the places of draught horses. And an irate member of a London club stated the other day that he had been waited on at lunch by a jackass. We shall have to overhaul the Zoo next, and see how many of its inhabitants are capable of war-service. When the Kaiser's threat to arm every cat and dog in the Empire materialises, we must be ready with a retort in kind.

A LONDON clergyman fined the other day for having an unshaded light in his house, excused himself on the ground that it was due to spring-cleaning time. There was laughter in court. Thus in these vandalistic days even our bitterest trials are made the subjects of mirth.

EVOLUTION OF THE KINEMANIAC

Valuable Fragment from Flanders

IT ALL COMES TO THIS IN TIME

"This interesting fragment found near Ypres (known to the ancients as Wipers) throws a light on a subject which has long puzzled science, i.e., what was the origin and meaning of those immense zigzag slots in the ground stretching from Ostend to Belfort? There is no doubt that there was some inter-tribal war on at this period."—*Extract from "The Bystander,"* A.D. 4916

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in PARIS

"GRAS DOUBLE"

QUITS!

"HÉ! Gras Double! R'luque!" "B'en quoi? C'est-y une marmite?"

It was not a German marmite, but a Paris tramcar which had run amok, and was quite as dangerous. The two *poilus* stared at it stupidly. They had only been in Paris since the morning. Caen was the biggest town they knew, and even in Caen they felt uncomfortable, as countrymen do when they put on collars and hats and find their hobnails slipping on the pavements of a town. And after the solitudes and silences of war the Place du Châtelet, in Paris, was bewildering. The two men had been asleep on a bench near the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. When the tramcar ran off the lines, smashed through a taxicab, and people shouted, they woke, fumbled beside them for the guns which were not there, and then not finding them ran forward. The smaller man was wide awake first. The other, whom Fréluquet, his friend, called "Gras Double," though his real name was Voisin, rushed straight at the tramline, and just as he tried to climb a lamp-post his foot slipped on the curb and he plunged forward, right under the falling car. There was a shriek from a woman who saw what *must* happen. The next minute "Gras Double" (which also comes from Caen, and being literally translated is "tripe," and was, therefore, the regimental nickname of Onésime Voisin) sat in the road wondering why that hysterical woman was laughing, and looking foolishly into the wrathful face of his little friend, Gaspard Fréluquet.

❀

"BUT lift thyself then, fat package," growled the little soldier, pointing his remark with a vigorous kick from the foot which did not need a crutch. "He is brutal," said the woman whom the accident had frightened, and the crowd of civilians which had gathered round the two soldiers approved her. The accident had been rather startling. Nobody had been hurt except the driver of the taxi-cab, but the cab and the front of the tram were badly damaged, and Onésime Voisin would certainly have been killed if his little friend had not pulled him, inelegantly, but efficaciously, out of danger by the seat of his red trousers. Half-a-dozen people told him so when he asked what had happened. "Gras Double" grinned. "B'en mon vieux," he said to Gaspard. "B'en, nous voilà quittes, mon poteau!" Gaspard's reply was almost as startling as the accident. He shook hands with Onésime then, settling his crutch solidly, reached up and gave the bigger man a sounding slap across the face.

"Hé oui! Nous voilà quittes, mon poteau," he said.

❀

THE big soldier merely grinned and said nothing. The crowd may have wondered, but it dispersed to flatten noses against the window of the chemist's shop round the corner, where the taxi-cabman was being seen to. And as comrades who had come back from the trenches together (and the clothes of these men still showed signs of the mud in the North of France) do not usually slap each other's faces after saving one another's lives, I produced cigarettes, suggested a little glass, and sat down with them at a café. There are plenty of cafés on the Place du Châtelet.

"He, do you see, he saved my life, là-bas," growled Gaspard Fréluquet indignantly. "Alors!"

"Évidemment!" I said.

GASPARD FRÉLUQUET

BECAUSE you must not ask questions of Dumanet 1916, if you want information. He has had his head crammed with warnings against spies and journalists, and the only way to make him talk of anything of interest is to leave your cigarette-case open on the table and wait until the spirit moves him. "Yes," said Gaspard Fréluquet, "he saved my life, that fat pig there. More than my life, in fact."

"Maman!" said "Gras Double," with a chuckle, "I was wet! and I was hot too. What I would have given for a glass of cider! Oh, Maman!"

❀

"IT was a stupid business altogether," said Gaspard. "There had been a marmite" (this is the big shell which Tommy calls "Jack Johnson"), "and we got separated, that fat pig there and me, from the others. Then, we never quite knew how, there were Boches everywhere. There was nothing to do. We were prisoners. But the 75's were singing, and we made our minds up that we could not remain with the Boches for long. It was a dark night, and raining hard. It's muddy out there when it rains, and you are all much of a colour. A little excitement and escape is not difficult. We got away, but I got a clip in my foot as we scrambled, and 'Gras Double' had to help me, so we did not move fast. There was a bit of wall about a mile to the right. All that was left of a farmhouse. We were making for that, and we got there just before dawn. We snuggled down close

(Continued on page 156)

A Nailing Good Idea

DESIGN FOR A GIGANTIC WOODEN STATUE OF "TRUTH"

To be erected in front of the Berlin Official Wireless Bureau, into which nails may be driven, after the approved fashion, by an enthusiastic populace at so much a time

BY GEORGE MORROW

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 154)

under it, for we knew we were pretty safe there till the evening, when there would certainly be a counter-attack from us others. I lit Victorine, and we were happy."

"Thou and thy Victorine!" chuckled "Gras Double."

⁂

GASPARD opened his hand flat and shook it threateningly at Onésime. "Speak of her, I counsel you," he said. "Victorine, Monsieur, was the best pipe I ever had. I had smoked her since the beginning of the war, and he, that Normandy apple there, he jumped on her and broke her. That is why I slapped his face just now." "But didn't someone say he saved your life?" I asked. "But yes, he did that also, the imbecile," said Gaspard. "We were snug under the wall, as snug as we could be, in the rain, and there were not too many shells and searchlights, when suddenly I found that I had lost my pocket-book."

"Yes," said "Gras Double," "and thou didst make a song of it. Thou couldst not have cried more if it had contained a note of a thousand francs, thy pocket-book."

⁂

"IT was worth more to me than that," said Gaspard, "and you know it. Do you see," he said, turning to me, "my wife and little daughter they are in Brussels, they. My wife's sister's husband was a Belgian. Only that day I had a letter from my wife. It had been smuggled out and came to me. Our friends in Brussels have a friend who is a Dutchman. My wife's letter with my name and her address in it were in my pocket-book. I knew where I had lost the pocket-book. I had rolled over and over when my foot stopped the bullet. Then I had got up and stumbled and fallen. It was then I had dropped it. Voyez-vous it was quite near the trench where we had been prisoners. Quite certainly, the Boches sous-officer had kicked the men for letting us escape. If one of them should find that pocket-book he might send it to Headquarters, who knows? My wife might get in trouble. Her letter, also, was not at all polite to William."

⁂

"HE said he would go back for it," chuckled "Gras Double." "And I told him, I, that the last Décauville had gone. T'en rappelles tu, mon vieux poteau——." He leaned over the table and punched Gaspard. "I said to thee, I, when you said you must go back and look for your wife's letter. I said, me, but the last Décauville has gone, mon vieux." He shook with laughter again at the recollection of his joke. The Décauville is a small road railway running from Caen to the sea, and much used by the peasantry. "I couldn't walk on my foot," said Gaspard. "I tried, but fainted. When I came too, he had gone, that one."

⁂

"B'EN, mon vieux, and I sweated me," said "Gras Double," "but I found it, your dirty pocket-book." I called for beer. I had to hide my face in something, for I knew that if I showed admiration the two men would resent it. But cannot you see "Gras Double" crawling and stumbling up that hell-swept hill, out of comparative safety into danger, to find his friend's pocket-book? This war makes quiet heroes every day.

"I came down most of the hill on my behind," said "Gras Double." "Yes, imbecile," growled Gaspard. "and when you got back, you had nothing to do but to smash my pipe."

"Parbleu," said "Gras Double," "what else was there to do? Besides, that's all over now, and we have got a month in Paris."

"Yes," said Gaspard, "and I have slapped thy face, my old pig."

"And saved my life," said "Gras Double," leaning forward and clinking glasses. "Évidemment," said Gaspard, "nous sommes quittes tout le même."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

MODERN MYTHOLOGY

The Wounded Hero and the Three Graces

By JEAN GAST

Helping to Make History

IN VARIOUS THEATRES OF THE WAR

LIEUT.-GENERAL PAOLO MORRONE
The new Italian War Minister

THE ARCHDUKE KARL FRANZ JOZEF OF AUSTRIA
On his way to the Front

THE INVENTOR OF THE "FOKKER" AEROPLANE
Palpably puffed-up at being photographed in company with the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg at the aviation ground at Schwerin

ENVER THE ELUSIVE
Arriving with Eschamel Pasha, the commander of the Syrian troops, at Headquarters in Jaffa. It was this sudden and apparently secret journey which gave rise to the rumour that he had been assassinated

London as Cosmopolis: Uniforms of A

HELEN McKIE

ANY intelligent stranger under th
country is still inflicted wi
insularity would have it removed at
of our characteristic London Restaura
of seven or eight nations may som
glance. The most curious thing
complete unconcern with which
regard the arrival of a new uniform.
dozen Russian soldiers—some of them
features and complexion—strolled dow
If a party of Red Indians constructe
Square it is probable they would be
one has even one's doubts whether
itself at the sight of Uhlans or I

All Allies in one Restaurant Lounge

e impression that this
h the disease called
once by a visit to one
nts, where the soldiers
etimes be seen at one
about it all is the
the native islanders
The other day half-a-
of pronouncedly Tartar
n the Strand unnoticed.
l wigwams in Trafalgar
equally unnoticed, and
London would disturb
eath's Head Hussars.

The Very Latest Thing in Vampires

Photograph] MLLE. THEDA BARA [*Underwood*

For whom her admirers claim the proud distinction of having "the most wickedly beautiful face in the World." Formerly a leading juvenile player at the Théâtre Antoine, in Paris, she migrated on the outbreak of the war to New York, where she was engaged by Mr. William Fox, head of the great Fox film organisation, to play the rôle of "The Vampire" in a cinematographic representation of Porter Emerson Browne's drama of that name, which was inspired by the famous Burne-Jones picture

A Tune

By W. GILBERT SAUNDERS

THE Billeting Officer of the 8th King's Own Rutlandshire Regiment lit his twentieth cigarette or his thirtieth, I don't know which; anyway, he was over-smoking, a habit of his when really annoyed. He trudged meditatively up the only street of a hamlet somewhere in France. It was almost midnight, and the darkness was relieved only by his glowing weed, a little beacon of comfort. He and his billeting party had been sent on ahead to arrange billets for the battalion; and securing billets for nine hundred men in this apology for a village had been no sinecure, even with the valuable, but voluble, assistance of M. le Maire. The battalion should have marched in at four o'clock that afternoon, but there was no sign of it yet.

"Another night's rest gone bang," groused the B.O. "Strafe the demnation war."

"But this is better than dodging whizz-bangs, anyway," he added thoughtfully, with visions of the recently vacated trenches before his mind.

I should explain that his battalion was taking part in an enormous concentration, some five-and-thirty miles in rear of the firing-line, preparatory to the biggest "push" of the war. Of course, secrecy was the first essential of the whole business. The B.O. wondered idly whether anything would leak through to the attentive Boche. Probably not. Hostile aircraft was rare here, and the same could be said of spies. The towns near the line were hot-beds of spying, but this quiet rural district, curiously unworried by war, seemed free from the pest.

Then the thoughts of our very fed-up friend wandered to pleasanter subjects. He began to construct an ideal dinner *menu* at Simpson's, that being the most aggressively English restaurant he could think of. He was just debating the *entrée* when his ear caught a very faint sound. He stood rigid and listened. Yes, it was the persistent rasping sound of men marching in the distance. The expected was about to happen, as it does even in Armageddons. The B.O. quickly collected his party and prepared for the work of getting the tired battalion into its billets.

. . . . . .

The luck of the Senior Subaltern (8th King's Own Rutlandshire Regiment) in the matter of billets was quite uncanny. He always seemed to draw a prize. In the present instance he had dropped without the slightest effort into the finest billet in Europe. He was living in the house of M. and Madame Durand. Not that the accommodation was any more sumptuous than the average French *bourgeois* provides. It wasn't. The factor which made the difference was the transcendental presence of Mademoiselle van der Maarten.

Although usually styled Mademoiselle, she was the daughter of a Rotterdam cheese merchant, in a large way of business. Following a common Continental custom her parents had sent her to live with a French middle-class family to learn the language. Van der Maarten, senior, had chosen the Durand *ménage* because of his important trade relations with Monsieur Durand, who owned a large provision business in the neighbouring town. No doubt Anna's parents also thought that a country village would be likely to exercise a sedative influence on their daughter's exuberant spirits, which had, apparently, been a trifle too vivid for Rotterdam notions of girlish propriety. All these prosaic facts the Senior Sub. gleaned from Mme. Durand, an ample and kindly lady. Anna had been there nearly four months now, and Mme. Durand had no complaints to make

Indeed, it would have been a churlish or jealous mind that could have cavilled at Anna. She was one of those delightful pink and white women with straight, fair hair. Her features were quite irregular and quite irresistible, especially her wonderful little snub-nose. Her eyes were round and blue. Her finger-nails shone like polished pink coral. Her complexion looked quite genuine at ranges over five yards. But her smile and manner were her real attractions. She had a "way wid 'er" which would charm a barbed-wire entanglement into letting her through.

Needless to say, the Senior Sub. capitulated immediately and unconditionally. He was a travelled young man who knew the bigger European capitals perhaps rather better than he ought. He was inclined to be *blasé* at times. But not this time. Also, he was a personable fellow who talked well, and he found favour in the big blue eyes of Mlle. van der Maarten.

Needless to say, Anna was not surrendered to the Senior Sub. by his brother officers without a struggle. The Officer Commanding B Company, the battalion Byron, attempted to "pick her up" in the village street, and was badly snubbed—to the delight of his company-sergeant-major, who witnessed the incident. The Senior Sub. suddenly found himself a most popular fellow. The Machine Gun Officer, who two years ago was at "the House" contemplating Holy Orders, accosted him heartily one afternoon.

"I promised to teach you auction, Singleton, old man," said the M.G.O. "I'll come round to your billet and we'll start."

"But we're much more likely to find partners in the mess," replied the Senior Sub., firmly.

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 162)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (*continued from page 161*)

" Oh, but I must have you alone for the first lesson, most essential."

This sort of thing repeated itself. Even the Adjutant expressed a desire to spend an evening with the Senior Sub.—in his billet, of course—over the musketry returns.

However, with a strategical skill worthy of high Staff honours, Singleton managed to out-manœuvre the crowd and remained in possession. After mess he would usually slink back to his billet and spend the remainder of the evening with Anna, who was always ready to burn his most expensive Egyptians and sip a liqueur. She was a most entertaining companion, and the only thing which annoyed the Senior Sub. was on odd conviction that he had seen her somewhere before. He racked his brains vainly for any confirmation of the feeling. As Anna's travels had never coincided with any of his own, he finally attributed the whole thing to mere fancy.

Her views of life were fresh and original. On the war especially they were decided and not altogether palatable. She and Singleton were sitting one evening in the rather bleak *salle-à-manger* of the Durands. The iron stove in the corner was not very friendly looking. The polished wood floor was hygienic, but exasperating. However, some excellent coffee was on the table, reinforced by Bénedictine.

" You will never win this war," said Anna, quietly, in her usual mixture of French and English, which I cannot attempt to reproduce.

" Indeed, and why not ? "

" Simply because you don't want to. The war is a secondary matter to everybody except the army."

The Senior Sub. had an uncomfortable notion that there was a substratum of truth in this exaggeration, and signified his discomfort by whistling—the first tune that came into his head.

An hour or so later, when the liqueur had heightened her spirits, Anna began some surprisingly clever imitations of village characters, including, I regret to say, her host and hostess. Singleton laughed uproariously.

She was in the midst of a rollicking description of somebody or other, the Senior Sub. didn't know who and didn't much care, when something queer happened. Anna had just adopted an indescribable golliwog attitude which was wonderfully effective and rococo, when suddenly Singleton's laughter cracked in his throat. His cigarette slipped through his fingers and began to burn a hole in Mme. Durand's crimson plush tablecloth.

" What on earth is the matter, silly boy ? " cried Anna, an unnecessary look of alarm in her eyes.

Singleton hesitated, and again he whistled—the first tune that came into his head—thinking hard as he did so, and noticing that she started ever so slightly at something or another.

" By Jove," he said at length, suddenly, " you little witch ! You made me forget a most important return I had to render to orderly-room an hour ago. I shall be strafed for this."

And in spite of her protests he slipped away, reached his bedroom, and sat heavily on the edge of the cumbersome wooden bed. His temples were throbbing. His hand trembled with excitement as he fumbled automatically for his cigarette-case.

" By Jove, that's who it is," he muttered. " What an unutterable fool I am not to have twigged it before."

His thoughts flew back to a couple of years before the war, when he was spending a gay month in Berlin. Everybody was talking about the new music-hall star, Rosa Baumann. He had secured seats at the Lindentheater, and like everybody else had been thoroughly captivated by her sparkling performance. She was an intense and virile personality. In her hands the most banal songs became entertaining. Her gestures and style were bizarre ; a strong vein of the grotesque ran through her work.

In six months she had risen from obscure cabaret-singer to star. Off the stage she was a girl of education, charm, and acute brain. Singleton remembered the authoritative reports that during her continental music-hall tours she was employed by the German Foreign Office as a secret intelligence agent. And a very successful one she made, if rumour was correct.

But the thought which vibrated in Singleton's brain to the exclusion of all else was that Anna van der Maarten was Rosa Baumann.

That gesture in the *salle à manger* was the spark which lighted the flame of recollection. The attitude was unmistakable. It was celebrated. He could see her now singing—or, rather, acting—her most popular song, " In meinem Herz." Her last pose that evening in the dining-room was taken from her rendering of the ditty.

He hadn't thought of the song for ages, but now its haunting melody ran imperiously through his head. It really was a fascinating tune, and but for the war all London would have been humming it.

Anna was obviously a spy. The Senior Sub. realised that he had let drop scraps of useful information about the big concentration. But he made the fatal mistake of procrastination.

" She doesn't suspect anything," he thought. " I'll let it stand over till to-morrow. If we go carefully we may bag some of her friends as well."

Nearly opposite the billet were battalion headquarters with a sentry outside. Singleton strolled over and instructed the sergeant of the guard that nobody was to be allowed to leave the Durands' house during the night. Then he returned, and whistling cheerily, undressed with the comfortable feeling that, after all, he was some sleuth.

The next day he came back to his billet in excellent spirits at seven-thirty a.m. after early morning parade. He was full of Machiavellian ruses with which to lull the fair Anna into a sense of security. He had just shaved when someone knocked at the door. His servant opened it and disclosed Mme. Durand with an alarmed expression on her chubby face.

" Well," asked Singleton as he buttoned up his tunic.

" But Mlle. Anna, where is she ? " queried Mme. Durand in an agitated tone.

" You don't expect to find her here, do you ? "

" But she has vanished, M'sieur."

A fierce alarm seized the Senior Sub. Without a word he dashed downstairs and across the road to the guard-room.

(*Continued on page 164*)

The Conventional Bliss

OF THE MATRIMONIAL LIFE OF THE STAGE DISRAELI

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Mary Jerrold as Lady Beaconsfield and Mr. Dennis Eadie as Disraeli in Mr. Louis N. Parker's play of that name at the Royalty Theatre. The sentimental scenes between the husband and the wife, admirably played by Miss Jerrold and Mr. Eadie, are among the best in the piece. The only occasion for regret is that "Dizzy" himself is not present to see for himself how conventionally blissful was his married life

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 162)

" Did any of your sentries let anybody leave my billet last night ? " he demanded of the sergeant.

" Parsons says you came out at five o'clock this morning, sir."

" Show me Parsons."

A sleepy private was dragged up from his straw bed. All he could say was that a motor-car drove up at 5 a.m. and disgorged two staff officers. One of them entered the house and emerged with a figure in great-coat and military cap. In the semi-darkness the sentry thought it was Mr. Singleton.

" You fool," stormed the Senior Sub. " How dare you disobey orders ? "

" But staff-officers, Sir. . . ."

" You ass, half the people in staff uniforms are spies."

Under the circumstances the exaggeration was excusable. Singleton stalked back to his billet, to be met at the door by Mme. Durand.

" Here is a note I found on Mlle. Anna's table. It's addressed to you, m'sieur."

She handed him a little scented, pink envelope.

Singleton tore it open, and read the following aconic message:

" The very best amateur detectives never whistle when at work."

For a moment the Senior Sub. was puzzled. Then he tumbled to it. Anna's bedroom was next his own. The wall was very thin.

" Oh, Hades," he groaned. " I did whistle, and the tune must have been ' In meinem Herz.' And, of course, she recognised it ! "

Later in the day Singleton's speculations as to how the fair Anna summoned her friends were duly set at rest. A fortnight previously Mme. Durand, at Anna's innocent suggestion, had purchased a pair of doves from a travelling bird-seller. One of these was missing. The other, after prolonged persuasion with soap and warm water, confessed to being a pigeon.

It may be added that when Monsieur Durand heard the story he also had a few mental speculations to make, which, however, were not so easily verified as Singleton's. Knowing only too well that Rotterdam cheese merchants are the keenest of business men, he wondered how much it had cost the German Government to buy Mr. van der Maarten.

W. Gilbert Saunders (Lieut.).

A Random Review

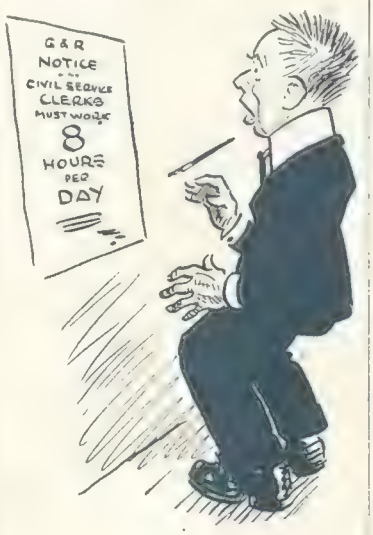
THE VIEWS OF HUGHES.

I would not enter on my list of friends
The fool who says: "In spite of all they've done,
You'll find, old man, that when the fighting ends,
Business will be as usual with the Hun."
I'd rather sell bananas in the Strand
Than take one penny from that blood-stained hand.

PIRATE ETIQUETTE

The etiquette of Pirate War
Is thus—and thus—and thus.
If neutral passengers are drowned,
There has to be a fuss;
And all the little neutrals come
And sympathise with us.

But if our gallant boys in blue
Should rescue everyone;
Why, then, of course, there's nothing said;
Because there's nothing done.
We cannot point the moral, friends,
Because there isn't one.



LOGIC.

The chap on the Clyde
Was strafed when he tried
To linger too long in his bed.
No Government men
Will start work before ten,
But nothing whatever is said.
So Clyde engineers are more useful by far
Than men in the Government offices are.

Chancing It

Or More Recklessness on the Part of the British Soldier

BY BLAMPIED

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Girl from Upstairs" at the Strand

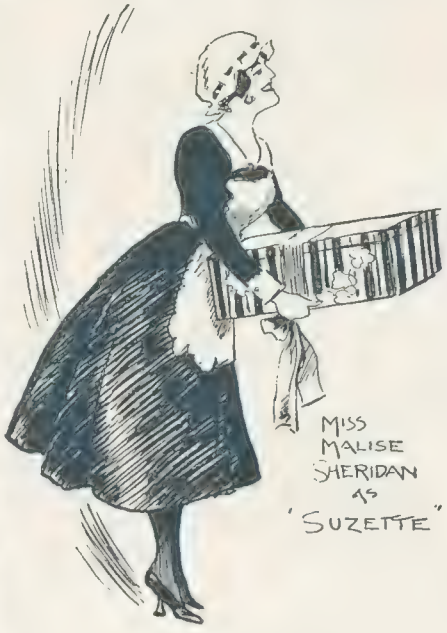
BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a good, business-like play, and if it is not brilliantly written it is certainly very well "put together." Perhaps here and there the effort to be mildly indecorous is a little too heavy-handed, but there is a very large section of the public that likes its wit to be of the extremely obvious type. By way of helping out the situation the scene is laid in Paris before the war, and all the characters are French. And with such a combination we need not be surprised at anything. We have first of all Charles, a young bachelor who is, of course, in love with a married woman. Then we have Miguel, an artist who is in love with his model, and wants to marry her as soon as he can get a divorce from his present wife. By a natural sequence of affairs, Miguel's wife turns out to be Charles's inamorata—I think that is the polite word. And as the poet has so emphatically remarked, that's that.

THIS is, however, only a small part of the tremendous complication that ensues. To begin with, Charles's deep and undying love for his lady friend curls up a good deal at the edges when he learns that she is getting a divorce in order that she may marry him. The last thing he had thought of was marrying the lady. Besides, he has the usual rich uncle, who in return for a legacy promised, claims the right to select for his nephew a sensible and homely wife who may be approved of both hygienically and eugenically. And in the midst of all this trouble Mimette, a young and lovely girl of eighteen or so, whose father occupies the flat overhead, lowers herself by means of a sheet from the window and descends weeping to the balcony of Charles's flat. Her father wishes her to marry a man she does not love, and she has, therefore, left home for good—or otherwise, as the case may be.

BY this time the story has become a little involved, and you feel that it is time for you to sit up and take notice of what is going on, so that you may not miss the thread of the argument. It appears that Charles's servants, Adolphe and Suzette, had arranged to be married that afternoon. But Mimette, the Girl from Upstairs, is now alone and unprotected in the world. If she could be married at once, she would obviously escape her undesirable suitor. And if Charles could marry her, he would no longer be threatened matrimonially by the lady about to be divorced for his dear sake. Therefore, it will be very obliging and dutiful of the servants, Adolphe and Suzette, if they will hand over their papers so that Charles and Mimette may use them for their own wedding. The marriage is, of course, one of convenience, designed merely to enable both parties to gain time in order the better to confront the difficulties that beset them.

THIS arrangement is duly carried out, though presumably a marriage entered into under such conditions is quite invalid. The servants, however, take it for granted that Mimette returns from the *Mairie* really "Madame." The healths of the bride and bridegroom

A PARISIAN FARCE OF THE PRE-WAR ERA

are cordially toasted, and Suzette even goes to the length of offering to lend the bride some of the decorative nightwear she had bought for her own wedding. The treasures are, in fact, exhibited on the stage with a request that Charles will intimate whether he prefers the blue or the pink. Severe critics may, perhaps, question the taste of this very homely wit; but it must be admitted that a crowded house laughed itself hoarse over the situation.

✲

Naturally Charles and Mimette fall in love with each other in due course under circumstances that pay a proper respect to the conventions; but before that romantic stage is reached a further complication is provided by the servant Adolphe, who, for the purpose of adding to the riotous fun of carnival-time, adopts the disguise of a female. It happens that just as Adolphe is being complimented by his master on the excellence of his make-up, the rich uncle appears on the scene, and in the excitement of the moment Adolphe is presented as the hygienic and eugenic treasure that Charles has selected in deference to his uncle's wishes. There are one or two other complications before the happy ending is reached; but the audience appears to swallow the mass of improbabilities without an effort, and to enjoy them hugely. Mr. Reginald Owen, as Charles, rattles through his part with a delightful breeziness, and Miss Margot Kelly is particularly attractive as the Girl from Upstairs. The acting throughout is quite excellent, as indeed it should be, since the majority of the names on the programme are those of artists of established reputation.

✲

There is Miss Tittell-Brune, for instance, whose name has hitherto been associated with the more serious forms of drama. Miss Tittell-Brune plays the part of Charles's lady friend, the amorous wife who is seeking a divorce, with a liveliness that is most refreshing. The story may have sagged a little here and there; but never while this versatile lady was on the stage. Then there is Mr. Frederick Ross, a player of greater distinction than such as are found as a rule in plays of this kind; and the result is that a part that is otherwise quite ordinary is very thoroughly acted. Mr. Lewis Sydney, who was one of the famous "Follies," puts a good deal more humour into the part of Adolphe than he could have found there; and his appearance in feminine garb, a freak that might easily have been overdone, is a carefully restrained performance. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, another

actor of distinction, gives importance to the very small part of the rich uncle. The mounting is unusually good, and the ladies frocks—to say nothing of the usual extras—are simply dreams.

JINGLE

NO FARCE COMPLETE WITHOUT THESE THINGS

The Vision Feminine

ECONOMY: THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE MEDAL

BY "EFEMERA"

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

WE have heard a good deal of one side of the economical question; what of the other? For the thing, if it exists at all, must have two sides—even a screen or a jug can boast that much. If it were no more than a figment of the political imagination. . . . Unfortunately it is real: are there not posters and articles and books about it?

"Where does one draw the line between comfort and extravagance?"

WHAT is a luxury and what is not? Where does one draw the line between comfort and extravagance? Ask a dozen people and you will get as many different answers. Only a generation ago a bathroom was a luxury, yet no one to-day thinks of a bathroom except as a necessary comfort. A bedroom fire is the same. To our grandmothers a number of silk frocks renewed every year spelt extravagance, we take them in our stride as a matter of course. A silk frock to us means no more than a cotton or woollen one. As a matter of fact, it costs no more, but that is because we do not expect our clothes to belong to the time everlasting, world without end brigade. Everybody now wears silk stockings,

"When it comes to frillies—well, I have my doubts"

or objects that are advertised as such, even though the "silk" be only ankle-deep. As for underclothes. . . . Few of us would be seen dead in the garments worn quite cheerfully by our mothers. *Crêpe de Chine* and Milanese silk are to us what linen and nainsook were to them.

THE fact is that standards of living have gone up all the way round, and that a return to a style of dress formerly regarded as adequate, if not luxurious, would inspire the modern woman with horror. Try to persuade her to encase her delicate skin in garments of the hardy perennial order (good stout linen or cotton cloth with a sturdy scalloped edge), and see what she has to say on the subject. You may manage to convince her of the righteousness of economy, but watch her the next time she goes shopping. She may do penance to the extent of a plain and serviceable coat and skirt, but when it comes to frillies—well, I have my doubts.

IT is noticeable also that woman does not get much encouragement in the pursuit of economy, at least not where it counts most. The shops, so far as I have been able to observe, do not seem very eager to pander to virtue, of that particular brand. And why should they? It is hardly to their interest to array themselves on the side of the economical angels. In any case there are no immediate symptoms of such a *volte face*.

IT is in the nature of woman to wish to make herself as attractive as possible—particularly if she be expecting husband or sweetheart home on leave. I am ready to admit that virtue, even of the uncomfortable brand labelled economy, has a certain austere attraction, but

(Continued on page 170)

"A bathroom was a luxury"

Toujours la Danse!

SOME HEROINES OF THE LONDON MOMENT

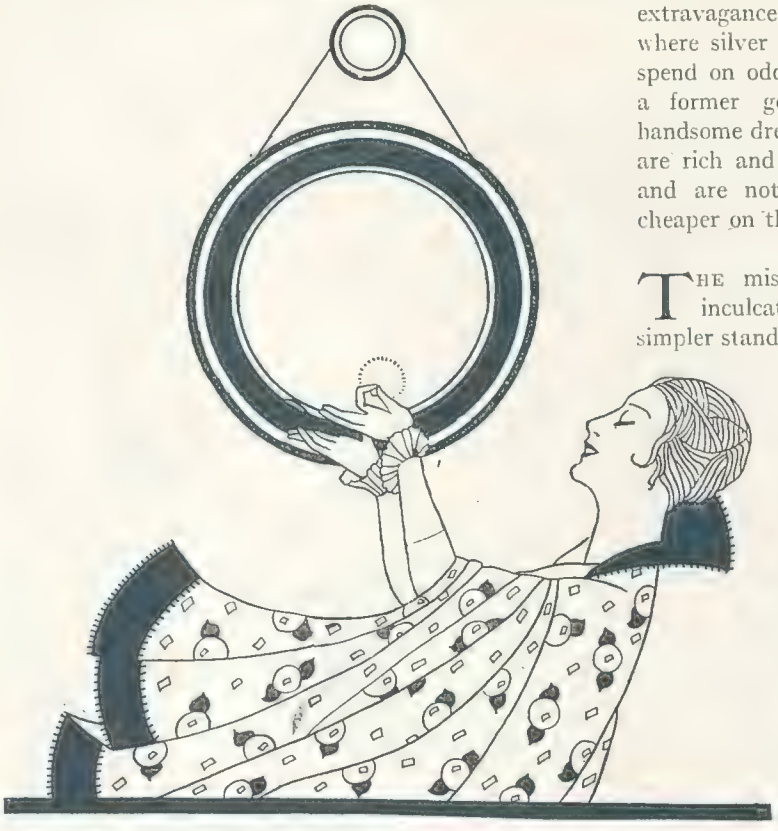
MLLE. PERY
Dancer-in-Chief at the Pavilion Theatre in the New Revue "Pick-A-Dilly"

MADAME PAVLOVA
Who has secured the record fee of £10,000 for appearing in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," a wonderful film play which is to be produced shortly at the Philharmonic Hall

MISS LYDIA KYASHT
Who will be reappearing at the Coliseum this month. She has recently been on tour.

MLLE. OLIVE NORVINA
The famous Russian ballet dancer in the new Revue "The Other Department" at the London Opera House

THE VISION FEMININE (concluded from page 168)



"We all like a little gilt on our gingerbread"

it does not gladden the eye. We all like a little gilt on our gingerbread, particularly if we have earned it.

❊ ❊

WHO can blame the woman who in such circumstances wants to put her best foot forward—in a smart and becoming shoe? And new clothes are a solace to the lonely. I know many women who, when in trouble, find quite disproportionate consolation in the purchase of a new hat. There is something singularly and inexplicably exhilarating in a hat—at least to the mind feminine. No mere man will ever be able to understand what it means; certainly no modern man. The vainglorious male, who in former times decked himself out in feathers, lace, and velvet, probably drowned many sorrows at the milliner's.

❊ ❊

UNDERSTAND that I hold no brief for extravagance. I am quite convinced that for the sake of future war loans and other national interests we should theoretically go about in sackcloth and ashes, sacrifice our vanity, and otherwise mortify the flesh in the cause of patriotism. I only wish to point out the difficult position of the average pretty woman trying to steer a severe course between the Scylla of her instinct to please and the Charybdis of the temptation of the shops.

❊ ❊

AFTER all, it is not so much self-denial in the matter of refraining from new purchases that is needed as a change of standard. One cannot, as I pointed out once before, go on wearing old clothes for ever. Sometime they will have to be renewed. The question is: what shall take their place? If we keep to the present standard we shall be no better off than before. We have accustomed ourselves of late years to a quite extraordinary extravagance in dress and accessories. We use gold where silver was not long ago thought a luxury, we spend on odds and ends of no real value sums that a former generation would have considered a handsome dress-allowance. It is not that our clothes are rich and costly: they are flimsy. They do not, and are not intended to last, but they are no cheaper on that account.

❊ ❊

THE mission of the real economist is not to inculcate abstention—rather the adoption of a simpler standard altogether. If we were to make up our minds to go in less for perishables, to choose what is becoming instead of the merely strange or "smart" (heaven save the word), and when making purchases to insist upon getting the real worth of our money, we should be more truly economical than if we wore our present *chiffons* into rags and then replaced them with other *chiffons* not a whit more durable. And economy need not mean ugliness or dowdiness. There is black magic in words. In the economist's preachings silk is synonymous with luxury, wool or cotton with economy, yet silk will often outwear either of the others—besides which looks and comfort, however despicable in the eyes of the moralist, cannot be ruled entirely out of court. The day may come when that will be necessary, but that day is not yet. If it does come we shall be ready, but there is no earthly use in trying to cross bridges before they are built, or to bar certain objects and materials simply because of the traditionally luxurious association of their names. EFEMERA

"If it does come we shall be ready"

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Beecham the Irrepressible

RENEWS THE BATTLE FOR OPERA IN ENGLISH

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM is irrepressible—even when his enterprises are not successful. So that when, as lately at the Shaftesbury, one of his enterprises succeeds, we may naturally look forward to his speedy reappearance somewhere, somehow. And, sure enough, within an incredibly short space of time here he is again at the Aldwych, fighting the battle for Opera in English with as much ardour as ever!

HE began operations with a performance of *The Magic Flute*—banished, for certain disagreements and difficulties which need not be precised, from the season at the Shaftesbury—as if to remind us of that last, lovely season at Drury Lane just before the war, when the Opera (in German) was chosen for the same purpose. Sir Thomas—more power to his *bâton!*—seems to believe in Mozart's Operas, though, curiously enough, he has not yet given us a perfect performance of any one of them. However, that may not be altogether his fault; Mozart needs just the elegance and the experience which circumstances have hitherto prevented our Opera singers from acquiring. Sir Thomas himself has certainly done more than anybody else to fulfil Hans Richter's sarcastic prophecy: "I believe after all there may be a future for Mozart in England."

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS MIRIAM LICETTE

Who played the part of Pamina in Mozart's "The Magic Flute," with which Sir Thomas Beecham opened his season of Opera in English at the Aldwych Theatre on April 15

AS a matter of fact, I am quite convinced that a season of Mozart's operas might enjoy considerable success—provided that every possible care were taken with it. That is to say, the singers must reach, at least, as high a level as did poor Mr. Samuel, whose death was a real blow to English opera. The orchestra and chorus must be as good as they were in *Carmen;* the production and the stage management must be as elegant, as *chic*, as was the case in *The Critic*. Now all these conditions were fulfilled at one time or another at the Shaftesbury; they only need to be co-ordinated, brought together at the same time and place for us to have a perfect (or, at least, a quite perfect enough!) performance of Mozart.

BUT I'm afraid last week's *The Magic Flute* fell very considerably short of such an ideal. To be quite candid, it was one of the least, rather than the most successful of Sir Thomas's experiments—on the first night, at any rate. Without wishing to go into unnecessary details, which may already be out of date, one must admit that only Mr. Frederic Ranalow and Mr. Robert Radford were really successful. The former achieved the quite remarkable feat of making Papageno funny without being vulgar; the latter, though occasionally rather weak in the very low notes, sang the difficult part of Sarrastro extremely well. The ladies were not so good. Miss Nelis has a flexible *coloratura* voice of good compass and quality, but it lacks the character necessary for the Queen of the Night. Miss Licette as Pamina was the best of them. She manages her voice very well, but, unfortunately, she was apt at times to sing out of tune.

HOWEVER, one must not be captious. It is something to hear *The Magic Flute* at all—and Heaven knows we do not want to encourage the "star" tradition that has grown up around this Opera. Of course, the music is difficult to sing, but it also happens to be absolutely first-rate music, and first-rate music, contrary to the general opinion, needs "stars" not more, but less, than second-rate music. *The Messiah* and *The Mastersingers* are so excellent in themselves that they need no virtuosity to bolster them up. Only the *Pagliacci* and *Bohêmes* need Carusos and Melbas to make them tolerable.

SO I am not going to complain because Sir Thomas Beecham did not give us Covent Garden (save the mark!) at Aldwych prices. What one may not unreasonably ask is why we are still asked to put up with those horrible recitatives, as unnecessary as they are wooden, that have been interpolated into Mozart's score. Is it because the singers find recitative (mostly sung far too slowly, in any case) easier to deal with than spoken dialogue? Or is it just done to "brighten up" the opera? The result is deplorable in any event, and the accompanying strings behind the scenes even failed, as often as not, to play them together!

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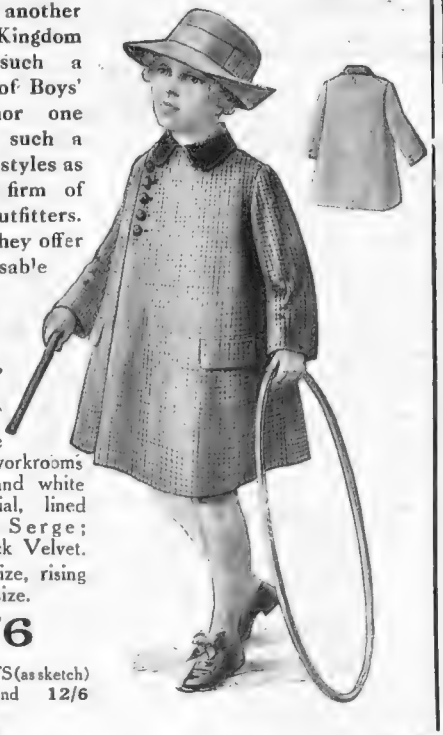

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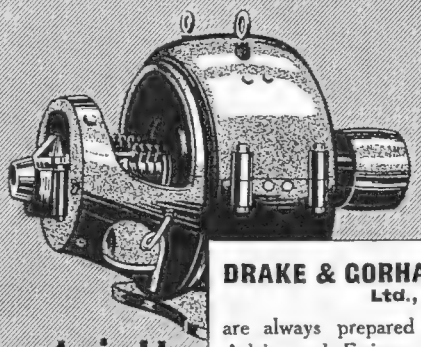

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Books of the Week

A BENSON BOY-HERO

School Life

It is not perhaps very easy to say exactly what goes to make up a really good school-story, but there seems not the smallest doubt that Mr. E. F. Benson must be added to that very small number of novelists who are capable of writing successfully of school life. There will, I fancy, be readers ready to pronounce *David Blaize* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*) the best school-story they have ever read, and, indeed, the book is an extraordinarily fine piece of work, all the more so when one remembers that Mr. Benson has been writing for more than twenty years.

The Ideal Boy-Hero—

David himself is an ideal boy-hero, but that does not mean to say that he is not intensely human. He is. He is neither particularly good nor particularly bad, but he is always understandable and always delightful. At the preparatory school he is naturally more concerned with the Monarch and his Wife, two stag-beetles, who are lucky enough to possess a travelling carriage of their own, than with the progress of his classical studies. And at Manchester his successes are those which every healthy boy inevitably desires.

—And His Friends

It is, perhaps, in the matter of David's friendships that Mr. Benson is most successful. Maddox, once the god to be worshipped only from afar, becomes the greatest friend of all. The faithful "Bags" gleams fitfully from the background, the staunch solid person who will be there to help in a crisis. And the relations of these two boys to David practically make up the story. It is easy to become sentimental, but Mr. Benson, with the utmost skill, steers a course which will be appreciated even by those who may never have been to a Public School themselves. *David Blaize* is probably the least disappointing book that ever was, for it contains everything which you look for in a work of this kind and nothing that you would care to see omitted. Its fun is never far-fetched, and its sentiments are healthy. It has all the elements of a big success and, when the illustrators get to work, should enjoy a perennial popularity.

From Mons to Ypres

It is a notable fact that the war-books written by Americans are exceedingly good. Mr. Frederick Coleman is not, I believe, a professional writer, but he is an American friend of ours, who was one of the twenty-five volunteer motorists to accompany the original B.E.F. to France. *From Mons to Ypres with French* (Sampson, Low: 6*s.* net) gives you not only a detailed account of his many adventures, as he motored this or that officer to and from G.H.Q. but also supplies a well-balanced narrative of those fateful days when our Army was being forced

(*Continued on page 176*)

GERMAN MEN'S FASHIONS, by H. Dennis Bradley.

The DAILY MAIL *reports that the "Imperial League for German Gentlemen's Fashions" met in Berlin recently and the German styles for 1916 were decided upon, and all concerned—tailor, cutter, fashion editor and customer—are called upon to support the holy war for "emancipation from English Fashions."*

This is a crushing blow to England, and particularly am I sad at heart at this "Strafe Bond Street Styles crusade." No more will carefully conceived designs of the West End adorn the Friedrichstrasse or Unter den Linden. And yet, for the last time, only two months before the war broke out, Herr Hoffman, the Kaiser's tailor, came to me in Bond Street and purchased every new model produced for the season in order that he might duplicate them for the delectation of the bloods in Berlin. During 1913 and 1914, being recognised as somewhat of an authority on style, articles from my pen appeared in many of the Berlin newspapers. Now, alas, my prestige there has gone for ever.

I am all afire to know what form these "kultered" German styles will take. That they will be elegant is clear to all who know the grace and symmetry of the average German's figure. True it is that most of them incline to rotundity, but let us hope that the good effects of a stringent blockade may make them less obese.

"Somewhere on Leave"

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The reason the House of Pope and Bradley has not so far increased its charges is that, being one of the largest buyers in the West End, this situation was anticipated and they at present hold a great stock at normal prices. This stock will be sold on the usual basis of profit and the public will reap the benefit. When it is exhausted the prices must necessarily be advanced enormously. The minimum price of a Pope and Bradley lounge suit is now £4 14s. 6d., and it is no exaggeration to say that if we had to buy materials at the present market price we could not supply the same suit at less than £7 7s.

The mufti styles of the House are all designed by Dennis Bradley, and as there will be no change in fashion whilst the war lasts, it is a very sound economy for those who can afford it to replenish their wardrobe at the present moment.

A copy of "The Man of To-Day," which deals exhaustively with men's dress in every phase, will be forwarded upon application

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 174)

back to the Marne. Mr. Coleman had many a narrow escape, and seems to have borne a charmed life. His book goes to show that he and his fellow-motorists had no easy job, and it is fortunate that one of their number, at any rate, kept a diary. His book is possibly the most *personal* account of the early days of the war yet published. It is extremely interesting and very fully illustrated. R. S.

A Town Bird on the Countryside

The many and various books of short stories from the often inspired pen of Mr. Neil Lyons are an ever-present pleasure to the lover of quiet humour and acute observation. As with all comedy, tragedy lies close about the work of this admirable writer. In *Moby Lane and Thereabouts* (John Lane: 6*s.*) Mr. Lyons gives us lots of fun—some pretty bitter—but he touches many deeper emotions than those which make for laughter, cynic or sincere. "Befriending her Ladyship," in which the patronage of the unwise among the rich for the less fortunate as regards money is delightfully satirised, shows us characters, newly drawn, but immediately familiar. The dialect, and especially the mental and moral nature of the country on the less windy side of the Sussex hills, is given with the hand of a master, a master who can play upon us at every point and amuse us all the time.

MR. NEIL LYONS

Whose latest book of short stories, "Moby Lane and Thereabouts" (John Lane 6s.), is reviewed on this page

Individuality

That is the author's particular gift; he may hurt us in a thousand ways, and, indeed, he exploits country life with all the cruel courage of the cockney, but he always expresses himself with cunning art and never without a lambent sense of humour. *Moby Lane and Thereabouts* contains between thirty and forty delightful stories. Rich is the harvest of Mr. Lyons's quick eye and ripe the fruit of his labours. He is generous to his readers, and will spend the labour of many volumes upon the concentration required for one of his tragic tales. Such is the remorsely told "Bed o' Pattikews," in which a hedger and woodman of a generation ago comes into close contact with a Sussex squire of to-day, Isadore Kosky, and is bitterly crushed. If Mr. Lyons has a fault, it is to be found in his rather too insistent "Clarion" note of the cruelty of the newly rich to the old poor. By the time he is one of the second class, as every writer who lives long enough may be, he will have learnt to tell the thing he already knows, that actions which pain others are not committed by any one class but by all. In the meantime read and enjoy *Moby Lane*; the volume is pre-war in tone, and any one story in it is infinitely better than any novel I remember having been published during the last few years. E. M.

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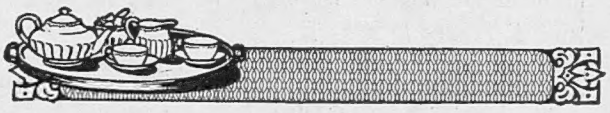

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Motoring & Taxation

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

In Accordance with Precedent

We shall not be able to get away from the Budget proposals concerning the taxation of motor-cars for quite a long while yet. It will take about one month from the time the new taxes are definitely imposed—whatever the imposition amounts to. By that date either we shall have decided we cannot stand them and cease to be motorists for the duration of the war, or we shall have grown used to them. This is strictly in accordance with precedent. It is also in accordance with precedent that, at this stage in the development of a new tax, the prophets should arise in their strength to foretell the end of all things motoring. So far in every similar condition the prophets of evil have been stupendously wrong, and they will certainly be found wrong again, although perhaps not so sadly.

***

Motoring Super-Tax

Undoubtedly the new proposals will bear with unjustifiable harshness upon the class of motorists least able to stand the strain. If they had no other tax burden to worry about there would be no cause for complaint. But motorists are taxed, as such, in addition to all the other taxes which they must pay as citizens Which again would be quite all right if motor vehicles happened to be merely expressions of luxury. That was the original idea of motoring taxation, and, in that day, the idea may have had some real justification—although not much. But now the great majority of motor vehicles are very far from being expressions of undiluted luxury.

***

The Official Mind

The official mind does not understand this. The official mind is conservative. Once it gives birth to an idea that idea has to stick until the official body surrounding the official mind is assaulted with battery by the big boot of fact. The official mind having once come to its conclusion and discovered (probably to its own great astonishment) that the conclusion is popular among the people possessed of the vote, will only naturally move along the line of attempting to improve upon a past success. Therefore it is not surprising that there should be no attempt to lighten a burden. The only official alternative to maintaining it at its old-time weight is to increase it.

The Milch Cow

And this is likely to continue until the motor milch cow dries up. In some directions it has dried up already. It will certainly dry a little more if the new taxes go on. Indeed, if it were not for the indispensability and comparative economy of motoring there would be very little tax milk to come. It is this factor of necessity which the prophets of evil aforementioned omit to remember when casting their lugubrious horoscopes. It is this factor of necessity which alone provides a Chancellor with revenue sufficient to justify the imposition of additional taxation. Yet it is this factor also which, from another and more proper point of view, robs a Chancellor of the only just reason for the imposition of any special motoring tax at all!

***

On the Hopeful Note

However, the taxes (at the moment of writing) are not on. We do not know how much of them will go on. All the legion of motoring organisations, private and commercial, are busy with resolutions, suggestions, and protests. True they do not agree with one another to any amazing extent; but at any rate they give indications, somewhat belatedly, that they are still alive. Something

(*Continued on page 180*)

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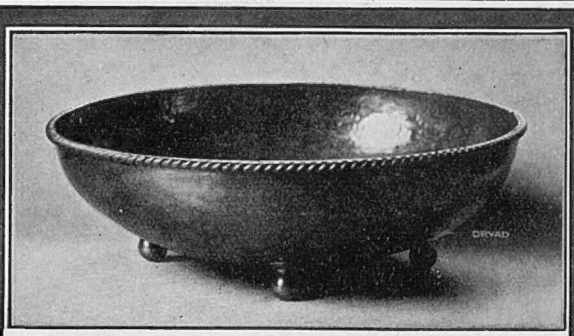

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MOTORING (concluded from page 178)

may come of it. "Let's hope it mayn't be human gore"; but, all the same, let us hope. Mr. McKenna has disposed of his car (I wonder if he told the buyer he was going to try and make its further use impossible !), but I fancy he has not given up motoring. Perhaps he is borrowing cars, or hiring them—or using taxi-cabs. It is pretty certain that if his sacrifice is not merely for public consumption, he has by now discovered the utilitarian and necessitarian qualities of a car. And this may so soften his heart that in the midst of dropping or reducing his proposed taxes on railway tickets, mineral waters, matches, and so on, he may contrive to drop or amend his motor taxes. Hope springs eternal !

A Particular Reference

I HAVE here a note with special reference to the Clincher rubber-studded tyre of plantation rubber, which is of a quality and service not surpassed by any cover available on this market. What it did under R.A.C. observation for 5,000 miles on a two-ton car it can also do in private service. For which cause I have confidence in recommending it to your notice. I should not be greatly surprised if, on grounds of service and economy, you continued the use of rubber studs, not only during hard weather, but soft—that is, if you can afford a car and tyres at all. It becomes increasingly improbable.

***

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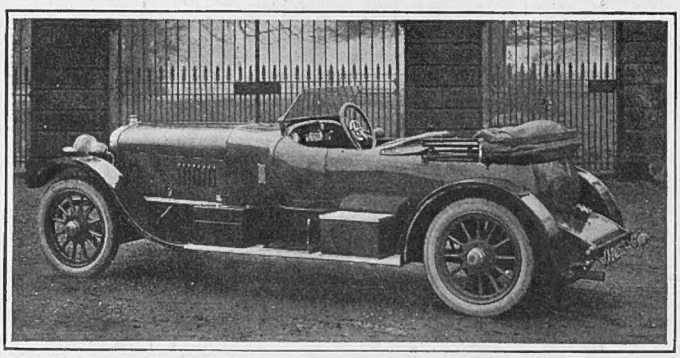

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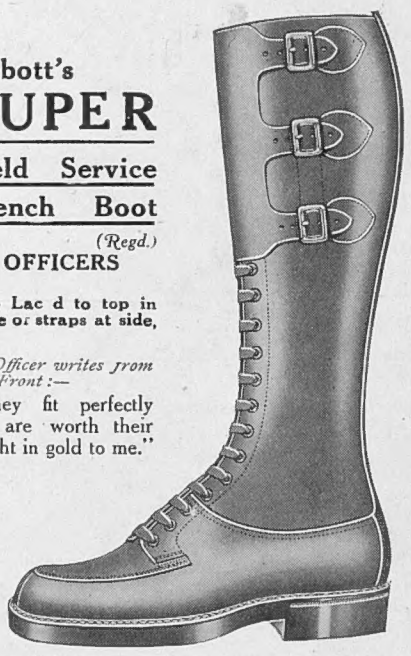

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